

long ago, but built so well that it's weather-proof yet.

"I went there and found traces of Eddie, but I didn't find him. Then I came back and found out the only way it was then evening, for I had waited sometime in the hut—I happened to see you coming out of one on MAXWELL'S HOUSE. I then I went in, you know what I found. I found, in the corner of the room, a little box, by an upstairs window, which was wholly unnecessary, for the lock of the front door had been picked. By whom? Why, a child could answer that question. Your brother was an adept at picking locks.

"Now, then, if he died in the hall, as the marks in the dust show me, how did his body get into the cellar? Why you would not tell me, as the doctor told me, how it was done. It. Nobody else had any motive. Your motive was to throw suspicion on Dr. Maxwell. How did you know that Eddie was in that house? Why, he must have left a message in some secret cranny of the house for long before he died. The snow tells me that.

"Now we've cleared your brother's case all up. He didn't murder the girl because he was too sick to raise his hand against her.

"Do you dare to move or open your mouth, Frank Ames, till I get through with you. I'm a good, quick shot, and you're fair game.

"It was a slick trick, taking his rubber off, and slicker still to bring them here, and to make me believe that you were. Now, of course all this clears Dr. Maxwell, and it if it does what becomes of you? Why, you're my prisoner, that's all. Now perhaps you wonder why I arrested the doctor last night. Well, I did, and that you'd better not give me a little more now."

"By the way, I've had some slight tips from Boston this morning, and I made up my mind who was the head of the thieves' gang to which your father belonged. You do not mind that your father was a man that poor girl lived in? Boston and a man who looked very much like you used to visit her.

"Knowing all these things, it is easy enough to see what happened to her down there. I don't think you'll deny that. That's the only point that isn't clear. Of course I can guess at it, but I'd like cold facts, and for that reason I'll make a bargain with you. You'll remember the Lynde street job in Boston. Well, they could not tell me who the doctor was, and then in Maine. You tell me all about this case, and I give you my word of honor that I'll let you be tried here, instead of taking you back. It is a bargain?"

Frank Ames' white lips moved, but no word came.

"Doctor," said the detective, "have you a drop of brandy? It'll do him good." The wretch swallowed the spirits greedily and revived somewhat.

"It is a bargain," he said, "though I don't quite catch what you did. She thought it was simply an secret marriage. I deceived her by the usual stories. I had another wife living and Charlotte found it out too late. She was afraid to come home then. Let me pass over all that. Her story is too cold for me to trust. I could not bear to hear her, but I would have provided for her always, and would have kept her near me, if I had not learned to love her sister. That was two years ago, and from that moment I schemed to be rid of Charlotte. I wanted to break up the doctor's engagement with Anna. My plan was to have Charlotte come home and refuse to tell her story. Then I would have thrown the blame on Maxwell.

"I thought my confession to bring her here when I sprung that plot to save my brother from arrest, Charlotte came by means which I provided. She went to her father's house, and looked in upon him, although she was not to tell him, but I knew she would not bear to see him. She returned to me to my father's house. I feared what she would do, and so I drugged my father lest he should see her.

"When she came I took her to the room which she had in the house. I had removed my father's story to another room, and Charlotte and I quarreled. I tried to force her to carry out her intention of going to her father, and somehow I don't know how—I let her see the real secret, that I loved her.

"Her wrath was terrible. In an instant she would have alarmed the house. I sprang upon her to stifle her screams—for I knew that she would scream in a second. She fell with my weight against her, and I struck her on the head with the handle of the coffin. I had no idea that she was much hurt. My horror and remorse were terrible when I found that she was dead.

"Then the scheme of hiding the body and the coffin. I wrenched open the coffin, and I took out the paper books with which it was weighted and burned them in the fire; put her body in and closed the coffin as best I could. That is the whole story. Do you believe me?"

"Yes," said Mulligan, "and I will keep my word. My curiosity, I think, has saved your neck. Is there anything more, Dr. Maxwell?"

"Nothing. May I go to Anna now? I must have her help in breaking the news to my father and my parents."

"My mother is better knowing that," said Ames. "As for my father, he is a man of iron. He can bear anything." He spoke so calmly that even the experienced detective was deceived, and believed that the confession of a despising and beaten man.

But Frank Ames was not that kind of a man, by any means. He was watching his chance. As Maxwell turned to leave the room the detective's attention was distracted, and he was time enough for the desperate criminal.

In a flash he had leaped upon Mulligan, and had got his hands upon the revolver. There was a struggle, violent, but so brief that before Maxwell could interfere it was over. He had pulled out the trigger of the revolver, he had pulled the trigger, and he had sent a bullet through his adversary's heart. But the detective's quickness saved him. He struck up the barrel of his pistol. The weapon was discharged in an unperpendicular position, and the bullet, falling to the floor, passed entirely through his head. He was dead before his body touched the floor.

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THE MAIL.

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For the present and hereafter, it will be published at the same price as the "Winnipeg Free Press."

The subscription price is \$1.00 per annum in advance.

CHIEF EDITOR: J. H. HARRIS.
MANAGING EDITOR: J. H. HARRIS.

THURSDAY, OCT. 2nd, 1895.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

From people's minds the political parties are not attached to party as a passport to heaven. Fortunately, however, the number is growing less and less every day, and the bulk of the voters now have more faith in facts than they have in names. Our names Liberal and Conservative were adopted about 60 years ago, when they were principles involved—when it was a question whether it was the representative of the Queen, or an aboriginal manner the people the right to govern the country. This was the fight for responsible government in Canada. The next conflict was for the election of the City of Winnipeg, by which the people of Canada were to be freed from obligation to maintain a particular church, not, of course, that when we were freed from responsibility to maintain the English Church we should be sold with infidelity to the Catholic Church as the Federal government is trying to do today. With these two great questions settled, there was a fusion of the Liberal and the Conservative parties. There then remained outside, but the grit that was to be radical in its view as either of the others.

The next great question was Confederation, but as all the party leaders agreed on that it was necessary to have unity. Since that time, the issues of a distinct nature have been the tariff, public works, superannuations, etc., and now it appears to be simply a squabble for the name and the office. Men say they are Liberals or Conservatives as they can trace their ancestry to the parties of bygone days or as they ally themselves with bodies of men who retain these old names for the benefit it may bring themselves as a faction. That's all there is in party today, to the mind of a discerning observer. It is true that there are every day deliberative bodies of difference in the proper adjustment of questions as they arise, even if only a routine moment and the members must take sides for and against, but the cause of Canada lies in the fact that when dividing it is not on the merits of the issues before them but on the traditions of the past that gave the party names and that have no bearing whatever on the matter at issue. Now for instance, what bearing has Liberal or Conservative, that springs from the issue of responsible government in Canada, on the question of whether Manitoba is to have national or separate schools, or whether the duty of a leader is to be a party man or a statesman? Today there must be two parties in every deliberative body, to represent the interests of the country, but that they must be Liberal and Conservative or Republican and Democratic, when the differences have no bearing on the questions that created the terms is all nonsense. What Canada now wants is an entire emancipation from old party names in the ordinary affairs of the country. They often cause representatives, for fear of being branded as traitors or renegades, to exercise in a sense of duty in live matters of minor importance.

That the traditions of the past must live in memory no one will deny, and they must continue to guide the representatives of the people more or less in matters of national growth, no one can deny, but the switching of the mind to minor questions of administrative policy is an absurdity that often works serious mischief. If the question is an open future on a certain public work or the advance or the lowering of duty on a certain article of import, the consideration should not be, whether it is advanced by a man or a party who call themselves Liberals or Conservatives, but is it the best for the people and the country. In later issues we propose giving some of the absurdities of modern names in this matter and the injury the country suffers in consequence.

A POSITION FOR DALY.

A report was current this afternoon that in the event of Justice Killam being promoted to the supreme court bench at Ottawa, the vacancy on the Manitoba bench would be filled by the appointment of Hon. Mr. Daly, minister of interior—Free Press.

Yes, and that's the best thing the Hon. gentleman can do, but the Man. will have to take great care never to come before him on the bench or it will be case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

The Nor-Wester shouts joyfully when Gilmour, in speaking on the school question, says "We'll do our duty." That's what the hangman says when he draws the bolt, but what of the poor unfortunate.

And now the Swedish paper at Winnipeg, "Vaktaren," is out for separate schools. Exactly: give the Roman Catholics separate schools and Jews and Gentiles will want them also. Is there then any help for it but thoroughly unify the schools and wholly secularize them? Is it necessary to bring about unity? If all creeds and sects of foreigners think they are entitled to the maintenance of all old usages of the country, whence they came, then so well to Confederation and all Canadian sentiment.

Robinson, of the Brandon Times, in an effort to drive all the Orangemen into reconciliation with separate schools, forced upon them by the present government at Ottawa, says, "Laurier has made an attack on the Orangemen. Well, so long as he is a dirty Orangeman, we are looking for nothing else from that quarter. At the same time it may not be out of place to say they were looking for a lead from Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and Robinson wants them to be satisfied with a stone on the head instead. By the way Robinson, how much government advertising has Daly promised you for reporting for selling him a miserable upstart and an arch traitor?" The public would like to know, you know.

From present appearances, it is almost a certainty that the reply to the Greenway government will make the second request from Ottawa, and at the school question, will be a practical one—a dissolution and an appeal to the people. In such an event the government will be stronger than ever and the Conservative opposition now very slender, will be made weaker still. This is about what the government at Ottawa including Manitoba's representative is doing to build up a Conservative party in Manitoba, and if any one raises his voice to protest against such a practice, he is set down as a crank, a sore head or a Grit. The way things are going it will be but a few years before the Conservative party so-called, of the Canadian Northwest is reduced to nothing, and there will be no one to blame for it but the leaders themselves. A few years ago when sentiment was to fever heat the disallowance of local railway charters, cessation was refused to Dr. Harrison, then the Conservative premier, and guaranteed to Greenway a few weeks later. This was the first heavy blow to the local Conservative party; and now separate schools are to be forced on the country again, as Greenway will do nothing, it is wise, if Premier Bowell's last July's utterances are to be relied on, and this with the extravagance at Ottawa with the consequent high taxation will do the rest. Again we repeat, it is the insane policy of the Conservative party leaders that is driving the party into the ditch and not the men who point out the blunders. It is only right that the blame should be placed on the proper shoulders.

BANK CHANGES.

Several important changes are taking place just now in the officials of the Imperial Bank. Mr. Bell, who has been accountant here for several years, takes the management of the branch at Portage la Prairie, and Mr. Leslie, late manager at the Portage, the agency here in the place of Mr. Jukes, who goes to Vancouver to open an agency there. Mr. Jukes came here in 1882 as the first manager of the bank, and has conducted the business with such judgment and success, that the authorities say "go up higher." It is perhaps no secret that in the history of the bank here, Mr. Jukes has not given unequalled satisfaction at all times, for every man who deals with him, but it must not be forgotten the position of a manager of any monetary institution in such critical times as Manitoba has experienced during the past thirteen years is a trying one. He has to have the necessary business acumen to make the most he can for his employers, and the caution requisite to save them from loss, and his customers from rash speculation. In a word a bank manager has to have the oversight of his own business and to an extent that of his customers. If he is wise in exercising the latter, his business experience should be of service to his customers. Every new country, and Manitoba is no exception, is full of instances of managers of monetary institutions being the first to encounter speculation in times of inflation and the first to close when depression ensues which is always disastrous to banks and customers. Of course Mr. Jukes is like other mortals made of the same clay and may not have always exercised the judgment he would have exercised could he have seen the course and end of all transactions as well as the beginning; but certain it is he has been one of the safest of men for his bank and often gave the soundest of advice to his customers. It is also safe to say the institution could not select a more suitable man for a place like Vancouver with its boom in lumber, real estate, fish, fruit, etc., where caution, experience and mature judgment are the essentials of success. It is expected Mr. Leslie who comes highly recommended as a gentleman of large western experience also will take hold here within a week, when Mr. Jukes will proceed to his new field of labor.

Markets.

While products are not at all in price what the public would like to see them, they are as high as they can be considering outside markets. For instance all the best wheat is worth about \$1.10 per bushel, and the best of the crop is worth about \$1.00. The wheat is really all that can be sold at present prices. The insurance (right and elevator charges) making up all the difference. Some say but it will be higher and in anticipation of the rise the dealers should give more, but of course that would be speculation while so far as human judgment goes, it might go one way as well as the other. Oats in Winnipeg being hot 18c, while they are 15 to 14 in the ruling figure at outside points. Potatoes are a drug. We have heard of farmers offering them at 7 and 8 cents in the ground and as low as 10 to 12 in quantities on the market; good butter and eggs bring from 12 to 15 cents; poultry is in fair demand, dressed chickens being worth 40 to 50 cents a pair, turkeys 8 to 15 weight. Dressed geese are worth about 10 to 12 in quantities on the market; good hams are worth about 7c and good loins 12 to 15. Lard is \$4 to \$5, baled \$1 more.

IN STAYU QUE.

Ottawa, Sept. 30.—The question of the appointment of W. B. Scatchell to a position in the service was considered in the cabinet on Saturday. Strong objection has been raised to the appointment of H. H. Smith as deputy minister of agriculture, at his present salary, as other deputies would then be paid \$4,000. Mr. Smith, therefore, is to remain in Winnipeg, and the question has been mooted of appointing Scatchell as deputy minister of agriculture, but it appears that he objects to reside in Ottawa for the present, therefore the matter is hung up.

Chicago, Sept. 30.—Yesterday's storm on the lakes was one of the most violent and destructive of recent years. No less than eighteen vessels have been reported stranded at various points. Report continues that the "Edith" of Chicago, a 1,000-ton steamer, is long overdue and grave fears are felt for her safety. Thirteen persons narrowly escaped drowning when the steam barge Keshaw went on the reef at Choclay beach, breaking completely in two. Five steamers are aground near Detroit and the barge R. J. Henry went to pieces near Saint Ste. Marie. Several vessels lost their deck cargoes and are stripped of canvas, steering gear, etc.

West Selkirk, Man., Sept. 30.—Hal dome Christenson, an Icelandic, living in East Selkirk, while crossing the river from here last night, fell in and was drowned. He was a middle-aged man, and leaves a wife and four children. The body was found this morning at 11 o'clock. An inquest is being held.

Clement & Clement, barristers, are talking of opening a branch office at Selkirk.

On Tuesday night a man by the name of Evans who was under the influence of liquor, made things lively for a while on the corner 10th St. and Kossler Ave., which ended in his lodgment in the jail with a fine in the morning.

Weeds along some railroad tracks in the States are now killed by the electric weed killer. It consists of a car carrying a dynamo which sends a heavy current into a sort of cable of fine wires dragging among the weeds on each side of the track. The weeds are electrocuted down to their smallest roots.

The mention of Mr. Justice Killam's name in connection with the prospective vacancy on the bench of the supreme court of Canada meets with approval in the city. A prominent lawyer stated that the appointment would be most judicious in its bearing upon western law. The knowledge possessed by Mr. Justice Killam of the "Torens" Act, to take one instance, which does not apply in most Canadian provinces, would be of inestimable advantage to his colleagues on the bench—Free Press.

A little girl named Lemson, about 7 years of age, near Gen. Sours, met with rather a bad accident some days ago. She was racing on horseback and fell when one of the horse's feet struck her in the abdomen. The injury was aggravated from the fact her parents knew nothing of it for several hours after, and in the interval, she was sent to drive home some cattle. She was cautioned not to go riding and was, therefore, afraid to tell of her injuries till she could conceal them no longer. Dr. Mori is attending her and she is rapidly recovering.

W. MILLER.

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Repairs always on hand.

COAL OIL.

TELEPHONE 163.



Nervous Prostration

It is now a well established fact in medical science that nervousness is due to impure blood. Therefore the true way to cure nervousness is by purifying and enriching the blood. The great blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this letter:

"For the last two years I have been a great sufferer with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart. I was weak in my limbs and had smothered sensations. At last my physician advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did, and I am happy to say that I am now strong and well. I am still using Hood's Sarsaparilla and would not be without it. I recommend it to all who are suffering with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart." Miss DALTON, 56 Alice St., Toronto, Ontario. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story.

Hood's Pills set harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE FAMILY MEDICINE.

Trout Lake, Ont., Jan. 2, 1890.

Dear Sir:—For a number of years I have used and sold your "Dr. Morse's Family Pills." I consider them the very best for "Family Use," and all customers speak highly of them.

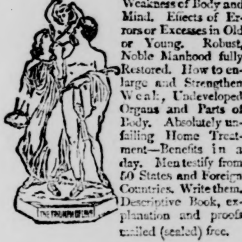
Yours truly,
R. LAWSON.

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Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The refreshing and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Huggard's Peppermint Balm that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all pulmonary troubles.

LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD,

General and Nervous Debility,



Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Excessive Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble Manhood fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen weak, undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment—Benefits in a day. Mentally from 20 States and Foreign Countries. Write them, Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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great misery. The best remedy is
HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

MISS HOLLIDAY'S AFTERNOON NAP.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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CHAPTER I.

Gen. Frederick Holliday, my uncle, served his country in the field from the opening of the civil war to its close. He entered the army as a first lieutenant and rose to the rank which I have coupled with his name. Few soldiers of that war participated in so many battles; and his tremendous energy urged him ever to the front. It is therefore the more remarkable that not a drop of blood was ever seen from him as the price of his devotion to the cause. He was shot under him; his comrades fell dead at his side; but neither steel nor lead could touch him. Yet his name was written on a bullet and it was ascertained that when scenes of violence had passed many a day in the home of a peaceful old age, and in an hour of absolute tranquillity, the death he had so often gone to meet should come to him.

It was a dreary summer afternoon. I lay in a hammock under the trees before the house of the Hudson, some miles below West Point. Some one passed along the concrete walk near me, but I was so near to sleep that I had not the energy to turn my head to see who it was. I supposed, however, that it was Capt. Charles Marshall, an officer of the United States army, and the accepted suitor of my uncle's daughter.

My feeling for Marshall was not cordial. I would have much preferred to see Margaret engaged to Horace Preble, whom I liked exceedingly. Two years before, I had believed that they would make a match; but my uncle's influence had turned the scale in favor of Marshall. I say this on my own authority, and as an expression of my belief at the time. The accepted suitor, however, was that Preble's loss of his small fortune, through the dishonesty of a trustee, had caused him to withdraw from the contest. I had seen comparatively little of him since, though recently, when being of good family and remarkably attractive appearance, he was a favorite despite his after lack of interest in the gayeties of the city world.

Marshall was forty years old, and a typical soldier. The idea of Margaret's marriage to him suggested an incarceration in a military prison.

A few minutes after the steps which I took to see Marshall's passed me, I suddenly remembered that with him upon a matter of business that afternoon. I knew that I should find him at four in the "Long Room," as it was called, an apartment extending the full length of one side of the house. This somewhat unusual

him here instantly. "Get on one else," Hanley obeyed with alacrity, and in scarcely more than a minute Dr. Hilton came. He was a young physician resident in the family, with whom he had a distant relationship. Gen. Holliday had paid for his education, and had supported him since he had taken his degree. Hilton was not a money-maker, and would have failed badly but for the general's charity, disguised in the form of a salary to a "family physician," but with so generous a helper the young man might have been an object of envy. He was assured of a luxurious home during the general's life, and of competency after his death, under the will.

I have never thought well of Dr. Hilton's professional attainments, but the foremost practitioner of the world could have done no more in this instance. Gen. Holliday had been shot through the body. The bullet had shattered the spine, and death had resulted instantly from shock. So much Dr. Hilton was able to say with perfect certainty. He added that the murderer must have stood directly behind his victim and aimed, wool for the bullet, if it had not been deflected slightly by the spine, would have pierced the heart. Gen. Holliday had been dead a very short time—certainly less than an hour.

Considering his medical training, Hilton was extraordinarily flustered by this terrible event. He was far less calm than

kindly man, the friend whom all of us had lost, came over me and grief conquered resentment.

"Gentlemen," I said, "we waste time with idle suspicions. Let us confine ourselves to the facts of the case."

CHAPTER II.

There is a police officer in West Point who has a considerable reputation as a detective. His name is Bernard Kelly. Within an hour after the message was sent out from Sunnyside Kelly arrived. Meanwhile we had made several important discoveries. First we questioned the servants. There were six. Three of them believed that they had heard a sound like a pistol shot, about the time when the crime must have been committed. The other three were sure that they had not.

My first vague suspicion had centered upon Hanley. They were founded upon his demeanor at the time when he and I were together in the Long Room immediately after my discovery of the crime. Certainly there could not have been a more perfect picture of guilty terror than he furnished then. His horror of the body, and especially of the blood; his eagerness to escape from the room; his dread of questioning were all suggestive. But I could not at first supply a motive for him. That came later, when, with Kelly's assistance, we examined more closely my uncle's desk. Our first examination of it had but one object; we wished to trace the course of the bullet. This was not difficult. After passing entirely beneath my uncle's desk it passed under the back of the desk and the wall also. I was amazed at the power of the projectile, but Capt. Marshall was not. It supported his theory that the new explosive for small arms figured in this case. He was an expert upon this point, indeed, he was at that time conducting experiments with a rifle intended for the army. This dreadful weapon when fired on a level from the height of a man's shoulder would send a bullet nearly two miles, and at two thousand yards would drive it through the bodies of seven men.

He stated these facts to me with professional calmness; he even offered to exhibit them to me if I would go some day to his laboratory and proving ground, which was on the outskirts of West Point. His knowledge of the subject was undoubtedly great, and the more I thought upon it the more important, in my mind, became the coincidence of the presence of such a man in that house at a time when a mysterious and terribly powerful weapon had been mysteriously employed. My interest became horror when I found soon afterward that this circumstance impressed itself more strongly than any other upon the mind of Bernard Kelly. Through Margaret he learned from Mrs. Holliday that she had left Marshall alone in the parlor for fully ten minutes. He seemed not to have moved when she returned, but he had had time to go to the Long Room and to kill.

Marshall's own questions, despite his warning to her to keep absolute silence about them, she said, frankly, that they indicated to her his suspicion that Marshall had committed the crime. "It is not to be thought of," said the girl. "He of all others, had most reason to wish my father to live."

Perhaps, yet it is true that a living father may change his mind about a son. Kelly, who had been a detective in the New York police department, he said, "I'm not professionally."

He should not be thought of. "It's a little different from the old times," he continued. "I'm heartily ashamed of it, my boy, but it can't be helped now. There's little to choose between detective and criminal in my opinion. The criminal inflicts an injury on society, and the detective inflicts an injury on the criminal, and the best defense that the detective can make is the old shoddy-bait. The other fellow begins it. Why can't we all be another kind of bait?"

I was leaning upon the railing of the veranda and laughing weakly, almost hysterically. To see Preble out of that scrape was too much happiness for me. Little I cared about his profession. I thought it as good as most others, and felt better than the law. But I knew him well enough to be sure that whatever profession he had chosen would immediately seem to him the most disgraceful and unbecoming that men's needs had ever produced.

"We were to New York for a man," said Kelly, "and Byrnes sent up Mr. Preble. Between us I guess we can slit this matter down. Would you like to look at the body, Mr. Preble?"

"Not yet," he replied. "Let us have a look at the room." Capt. Marshall joined us while we were there. Preble was examining the bullet hole in the desk and in the wall. He enlarged the latter until he could see through it, and then he looked out, following with his eye as nearly as possible the direction of the ball.

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"You know already," replied the captain, with a sort of gasp. "I can see that in your face. It is the bullet which the rifle I am testing carries. There's no other like it."

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I turned and saw a man running through the grounds. He was bent double, and seemed to be trying to be shielded by some low shrubbery. I recognized Hanley, the butler.

"You'd better go after him, Kelly," said Preble, and Kelly, exhibiting a surprising swiftness of foot, was heard reaching the road which bounds the estate upon the south; and in a few minutes the trembling servant stood before Preble. The detective nodded to him, who then, in a hasty manner, handed him a package of twelve one-hundred-dollar bills.

"I have seen Hanley enter the Long Room from the dining room which adjoined it, not ten minutes before my discovery of the murder. Hanley, with white lips, denied that he had been in that room since the morning."

Marshall and Hilton divided between themselves the care of the body and did not move. I passed the night in torment, relieved only by an occasional sight of Margaret, who twice or three came from her mother's room to speak with me. She would not see Marshall. I think she believed him guilty.

At eight o'clock I was standing on the veranda in front of the house when a second of wheels startled me, and I saw a carriage containing Bernard Kelly and a man who leaned far back with his face in the shadow. It dashed across me, and the driver, who had solved the riddle, arrested the murderer, and was bringing him to the house. If that was so, the prisoner could be no other than the man whom Hanley had seen. And then I thought of the servant I had heard of in the hammock. Had the murderer passed me then?

The carriage rapidly approached. In a few seconds it was near enough for me to see the face of the shadowy man. His companion was Horace Preble.

I hope to get through this mortal life without suffering such a shock as that again. Preble got out of the carriage with Kelly close behind him.

"In heaven's name what is this?" I demanded. The young man looked disconsolately down upon the ground. He had first turned his hand toward me and had withdrawn it.

"This thing had to come out," he said. "I've tried to cover it up as much as I could, but it was no use. You might as well know the truth."

"Indeed?" I cried. "What, you see, about two years ago, when I lost all my money, I was in a desperate fix. I had hoped to live without work and that hope failed me. I got into sad straits, and at last—of course you'll regard this as confidential!"

"Confidential?" "Well, it's known to a few. Every time a thing of this kind happens to me somebody has to be let in."

"Look here, Preble," I exclaimed, "I'm altogether too nervous to stand this strain any longer. Since yesterday I've been suspected of murder by half a dozen people, and have been convicted, in my own mind, half a dozen others. In town I've convinced you, who saw you with Dr. Preble Kelly. But of course when I stand here free to face with you, I know it can't be true. Yet you have some part in the shameful secret, as you have confessed to me. What is it? Don't keep me in suspense."

A sickly smile distorted Preble's handsome face. "I am a detective in the pay of the New York police department," he said. "I'm not professionally."

He should not be thought of. "It's a little different from the old times," he continued. "I'm heartily ashamed of it, my boy, but it can't be helped now. There's little to choose between detective and criminal in my opinion. The criminal inflicts an injury on society, and the detective inflicts an injury on the criminal, and the best defense that the detective can make is the old shoddy-bait. The other fellow begins it. Why can't we all be another kind of bait?"

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"In heaven's name what is this?" I demanded. The young man looked disconsolately down upon the ground. He had first turned his hand toward me and had withdrawn it.

"This thing had to come out," he said. "I've tried to cover it up as much as I could, but it was no use. You might as well know the truth."

"Indeed?" I cried. "What, you see, about two years ago, when I lost all my money, I was in a desperate fix. I had hoped to live without work and that hope failed me. I got into sad straits, and at last—of course you'll regard this as confidential!"

"Confidential?" "Well, it's known to a few. Every time a thing of this kind happens to me somebody has to be let in."

"Look here, Preble," I exclaimed, "I'm altogether too nervous to stand this strain any longer. Since yesterday I've been suspected of murder by half a dozen people, and have been convicted, in my own mind, half a dozen others. In town I've convinced you, who saw you with Dr. Preble Kelly. But of course when I stand here free to face with you, I know it can't be true. Yet you have some part in the shameful secret, as you have confessed to me. What is it? Don't keep me in suspense."

A sickly smile distorted Preble's handsome face. "I am a detective in the pay of the New York police department," he said. "I'm not professionally."

He should not be thought of. "It's a little different from the old times," he continued. "I'm heartily ashamed of it, my boy, but it can't be helped now. There's little to choose between detective and criminal in my opinion. The criminal inflicts an injury on society, and the detective inflicts an injury on the criminal, and the best defense that the detective can make is the old shoddy-bait. The other fellow begins it. Why can't we all be another kind of bait?"

I was leaning upon the railing of the veranda and laughing weakly, almost hysterically. To see Preble out of that scrape was too much happiness for me. Little I cared about his profession. I thought it as good as most others, and felt better than the law. But I knew him well enough to be sure that whatever profession he had chosen would immediately seem to him the most disgraceful and unbecoming that men's needs had ever produced.

"We were to New York for a man," said Kelly, "and Byrnes sent up Mr. Preble. Between us I guess we can slit this matter down. Would you like to look at the body, Mr. Preble?"

"Not yet," he replied. "Let us have a look at the room." Capt. Marshall joined us while we were there. Preble was examining the bullet hole in the desk and in the wall. He enlarged the latter until he could see through it, and then he looked out, following with his eye as nearly as possible the direction of the ball.

"There's a chance that we can find it," he said, and led the way to the grounds at the rear of the house.

Fifty yards back we came to a large tree and I saw a dark mark, near the ground, after most careful searching. Preble found a bullet hole. Five minutes later he held in his hand the lethal missile that had killed Gen. Holliday.

"Capt. Marshall," said Kelly, "as an expert, will be able to tell us what sort of weapon carries such a bullet."

"You know already," replied the captain, with a sort of gasp. "I can see that in your face. It is the bullet which the rifle I am testing carries. There's no other like it."

I looked anxiously at Preble, and saw, to my surprise, that he was not regarding Marshall. He was looking over the captain's head.

I turned and saw a man running through the grounds. He was bent double, and seemed to be trying to be shielded by some low shrubbery. I recognized Hanley, the butler.

"You'd better go after him, Kelly," said Preble, and Kelly, exhibiting a surprising swiftness of foot, was heard reaching the road which bounds the estate upon the south; and in a few minutes the trembling servant stood before Preble. The detective nodded to him, who then, in a hasty manner, handed him a package of twelve one-hundred-dollar bills.

"I have seen Hanley enter the Long Room from the dining room which adjoined it, not ten minutes before my discovery of the murder. Hanley, with white lips, denied that he had been in that room since the morning."

"Now, let me have your story without a moment's delay," said Preble, sternly. "I swear to you, sir," replied the butler, solemnly, "that I had no hand in the death. I robbed him, but I did not kill him. It was this way: I went in to the Long Room, to speak to him. Miss Margaret was asleep on the couch. The general also seemed to be asleep with his head on his desk. And right there in plain sight was all that money."

"I've been hard pressed, sir, of late. There's been some as had as me, as a advantage and have used their power. It's their fault, sir, that I took the money. I'm no thief at heart. I did it in sheer nervousness, at the sight of what I needed so much."

"The general never stirred. He was dead then, sir, I've no doubt, but I didn't know it. I got away with the money and hid it in my room. Then when the murder was discovered I was near frozen with horror. I would have restored the money, but there's been no chance. Somebody has been in that room all the time. This morning when I learned that one of the servants had seen me go into that room, and had told on me, I resolved to run for it. That's the whole truth, sir, and I'm glad to have it off my mind."

"I believe you, my man," said Preble. "It's never a good thing in this world to be too smart, and it's your good fortune that you're not nearly smart enough to have committed this crime, supposing that it is a crime at all."

He directed Kelly to keep an eye on Hanley, and then we all went into the Long Room. We found Margaret and Dr. Hilton there. Margaret greeted Preble with great cordiality. She said that she felt much relieved at having his advice and aid, for she had always thought him to be a good and exceptionally clear mind.

"If my present theory of this terrible mystery proves to be correct," said Preble, "I think we shall all feel greatly relieved. It is only a theory at present, but the basis is no guesswork."

He opened his hand and showed a splinter of wood about an inch and a half long. For my part I had no idea of its bearing upon the case. The others seemed equally at a loss.

"I found this on the floor at the end of the room," he said, pointing away from the general's desk. "It was knocked off the inside of the wall by the bullet which killed your father. It surprises me, gentlemen, that when you had found where the bullet went out you should not have looked for the place where it came in."

"But, Preble," I exclaimed, "you are not going to tell us that the murderer fired through that wall and across the whole length of this room?"

"And a mile of open country besides," said Preble, calmly. "If my theory is true, Capt. Marshall, will you tell me whether I am correct in saying that a line drawn from the spot where the bullet was struck down and extended through the wall one foot to the left of that window would pass close to your laboratory on the other side of the valley?"

Marshall's forehead was wet with perspiration. "It is true," he said, in a low voice. "I am afraid that your theory is right."

"You mean," I cried, "that the accidental discharge of a rifle which was being tested is responsible for this terrible crime?"

"You have seen the bullet," said Preble, and I have proven the direction in which it came. The weapon could not have been fired near the house or you would have heard the report. The shot would have been heard by the distance and the impossibility of seeing into this room preclude the possibility of intent. I can see no other explanation. However, we need not be long in doubt. Let Capt. Marshall and I accompany you to the spot we can learn whether there was an accidental discharge of a rifle at the hour named."

"I may add," he continued, "that the whole aspect of this case indicates the crime of a man who had seen the first appearance of human devices. The absolutely impartial bearing of the facts, which implicated equally every person who could have been physically present, showed a broader grasp of detail than any society or clique. The nature of the crime of Hanley strikes me in discordance with the rest. You can readily see the difference between design and fate which can have no purpose. This terrible event is the forerunner of many which will follow upon this new development of modern arms. And the tragedies will not all be accidents. If a murderer can be repeated trials at last strike down his victim at the distance of more than a mile, he will be less often restrained by mere cowardice."

He took us good-bye and went away with Marshall and Kelly. In an hour we received a telephone message from the last named, that Preble's theory had been confirmed.

"The bright side of sheep husbandry," emphasized by Frederick Chambers, one of the most progressive of eastern sheep men. He claims that although wool has dropped from forty cents to less than twenty cents per pound, the wool-growing nation and manure have paid better than any other branch of agriculture except the dairy. Even at present prices, wool pays better than wheat, and the decline in price of what the wool grower has to buy is as great as the gain in the price of wool values. He believes that covering is likely to be overdone, that the rush to quit sheep husbandry is a mistake, and that we shall never attain the full degree of agricultural science until the sheep are placed on a basis of profit.

"As with other products, a low price has come to stay, but faith in the sheep business should not waver."

Teach the Young Folks How. We have urged the utility of teaching the young folks on the farm to band and graft. The season for the latter is now at hand. Get the boy a pruning knife, show him how to make grafting wax and draw him to the operation, or let him select some choice seedling along a hedge-row and convert it into a valuable tree. If you do not know how to do it, get someone who does to come and teach both father and son at once—American Agriculturist.

Save Months in Cows. Cows that have pastured in fields where briars abound, as is quite often the case, are apt to suffer from some months caused by the thorns sticking to the gums or in the mouth. The trouble is at times so serious as to cause the cows to fall off in milk because they cannot eat their food. The remedy is to remove the thorns, which is not easy unless the cows are secured and the mouth kept open by a cleft stick between the jaws. It is well to feed mangels

or soft food, as cornmeal scalded or chopped hay with roots of some kind, as mangels or beets or even turnips, if they are given at milking time, in which case they will not give a taste to the milk and butter. Sometimes sore mouth is caused by diseased teeth, and to ascertain this the mouth is examined. Then the diseased teeth must be removed. The troublesome disease known as big jaw is often due to diseased teeth through which the germs of the disease find their way to the jawbone and there growing quickly organize the bone which decays and forms the well-known discharge of the tumors that result from disease. For this reason it is desirable to examine the teeth of animals frequently, especially when there is any suspicion of trouble with them, and take the needed precautions.

Berthou, the French chemist, suggests that the next generation of engineers may profitably give their attention to the substitution of the heat of the sun, or the central heat, as a source of energy derived from coal. Many thousands of years would pass away before this store of energy would appreciably diminish.

The volcano of Colima, in Mexico is again in eruption and the inhabitants at its base have had to flee for their lives.

The United States debt statement shows a net increase in the public debt held in the treasury during April of \$9,109,457.22.

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NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.

TIME CARD

Taking effect on Sunday, December 15th, 1894.

N. Sound
Bound
Up
N. Sound
Bound
Up

STATIONS.
N. Sound
Bound
Up
N. Sound
Bound
Up

1:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 1:45 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 2:15 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 3:15 p.m. 3:30 p.m. 3:45 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:15 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 4:45 p.m. 5:00 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 6:00 p.m. 6:15 p.m. 6:30 p.m. 6:45 p.m. 7:00 p.m. 7:15 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 8:00 p.m. 8:15 p.m. 8:30 p.m. 8:45 p.m. 9:00 p.m. 9:15 p.m. 9:30 p.m. 9:45 p.m. 10:00 p.m. 10:15 p.m. 10:30 p.m. 10:45 p.m. 11:00 p.m. 11:15 p.m. 11:30 p.m. 11:45 p.m. 12:00 p.m. 12:15 p.m. 12:30 p.m. 12:45 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 1:45 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 2:15 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 3:15 p.m. 3:30 p.m. 3:45 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:15 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 4:45 p.m. 5:00 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 6:00 p.m. 6:15 p.m. 6:30 p.m. 6:45 p.m. 7:00 p.m. 7:15 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 8:00 p.m. 8:15 p.m. 8:30 p.m. 8:45 p.m. 9:00 p.m. 9:15 p.m. 9:30 p.m. 9:45 p.m. 10:00 p.m. 10:15 p.m. 10:30 p.m. 10:45 p.m. 11:00 p.m. 11:15 p.m. 11:30 p.m. 11:45 p.m. 12:00 p.m. 12:15 p.m. 12:30 p.m. 12:45 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 1:45 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 2:15 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 3:15 p.m. 3:30 p.m. 3:45 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:15 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 4:45 p.m. 5:00 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 6:00 p.m. 6:15 p.m. 6:30 p.m. 6:45 p.m. 7:00 p.m. 7:15 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 8:00 p.m. 8:15 p.m. 8:30 p.m. 8:45 p.m. 9:00 p.m. 9:15 p.m. 9:30 p.m. 9:45 p.m. 10:00 p.m. 10:15 p.m. 10:30 p.m. 10:45 p.m. 11:00 p.m. 11:15 p.m. 11:30 p.m. 11:45 p.m. 12:00 p.m. 12:15 p.m. 12:30 p.m. 12:45 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 1:45 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 2:15 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 3:15 p.m. 3:30 p.m. 3:45 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:15 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 4:45 p.m. 5:00 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 6:00 p.m. 6:15 p.m. 6

LOCAL NEWS.

The hospital now has 46 patients.

Mr. Adolphe was at the Souris last week.

Mr. C. W. Speers, Liberal candidate, was in the city last week.

The city tax sale is on the 5th of Nov., City Clerk's day.

Mrs. A. F. Campbell gave a party to some friends Friday evening.

The grain standards were all fixed last week, and now selling is general.

Ground has been called to the supreme court to succeed Judge Four-

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, acts easily yet promptly and effectively.

Mr. Hosen, grain inspector, was at the meeting of grain in Winnipeg last week.

Mrs. R. H. Plippen, an old timer of Brandon, died at Parkhill, Ont., last week.

The Ogilvie elevator is undergoing considerable repairs for the season's business.

Mr. J. S. Ewart spent all last week in this vicinity, wheeling to the villages around.

J. C. McCulloch is going to make bicycles in Winnipeg next year. We will all ride them.

The Hon. Clark Wallace passed through Friday, but stopped nowhere on his eastern trip.

Mrs. E. Cliffe, aunt of the editor of this paper, died at Gananoque, Ont., last week, aged 88.

The New Brunswick Legislature is dissolved and a general election is called for the 16th inst.

The Rev. Mr. Harding of St. Matthew's is expected home on the 18th, from his trip to England.

Inspector Rose and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fleming have spent some days in Southern Manitoba recently.

A fine lot of business stationery, blank books, etc., just opened at Cliffe's book store. Prices the lowest.

The quarterly meeting of the executive board of the Baptist convention opened in this city yesterday.

Miss Simpson for a long time in Fleming's drug store, left Monday to finish her course in Winnipeg.

What is now coming in at the rate of 7,000 a day, and as the grades are fixed selling will soon follow.

Miss McVicar, many friends will be glad to learn, has so far recovered now as to be able to go out for drives.

Poor digestion leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mr. T. H. Gilmore, barrister, of Winnipeg, was in the city last week on a shooting trip down the Souris branch.

Last Saturday was the Jewish day of atonement, and was scrupulously observed by the Jews wherever found.

Wachita, Kansas, had a shower of bugs an inch deep. That's heavier than some of the boarding houses have them.

Prof. Williamson, of Kingston, brother-in-law of the late Sir John Macdonald, is dead, over 80 years of age.

Mr. Osborne, the new reporter on the Sun, wife and children have arrived from Winnipeg and taken to house-keeping.

Miss Killam, sister of Mrs. W. S. Moody, was in the city last week visiting friends. She returned to Winnipeg Thursday.

Prof. Bryce was in the city Friday inspecting our Collegiate Institute, and found everything in a satisfactory condition.

Stock trains from the western ranches pass here now nearly every day with shipments of fat cattle to the old country.

Dr. McInnes, E. Phillips and A. Fleming went duck shooting to Swan Lake last week, and brought home a large bag of game.

J. M. Wassel arrived a few days ago from Brandon to take a position in the dry goods department of the Glasgow House.—Regina Leader.

Mr. J. W. Matthews, of Winnipeg, late of the Brandon Academy, was married in Winnipeg to a Miss McGee, of Toronto, on Friday last.

The Rev. Mr. Mason is to preach farwell sermons in the Congregational church here on Sunday next. Mr. Evans has his auction sale today.

Karl's Clover Root, the great Blood Purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation, etc. 50¢, 75¢, \$1.00. For sale by N. J. Halpin.

The Rev. Mr. Semmens has brought in from the far North East 15 more Indian children for the Industrial school here, which is now in full operation.

The Rev. Mr. Mason gave an interesting address at the Temperance meeting Friday night. Mr. Mason has always been a strong temperance advocate.

Shiloh's cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose 25¢, 50¢, and \$1.00. For sale by N. J. Halpin.

Call and see the large importation of fancy stationery for weddings, invitations, correspondence, etc., at Cliffe's bookstore. The largest and best variety ever brought to the place; also a fine assortment of crocheted hosiery, knitting pins, card cases, purses, wallets, etc.,—an immense variety of small wares.

Toronto has 176,000 people.

Judge Cumberland was in Rapid City Friday.

It is said Chapleau will re-enter the Ottawa Cabinet.

Miss Caldwell, of Rapid City, is visiting in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arch. Campbell.

Anthracite coal will sell here at \$8.00 this fall, a drop of over \$2.00 from last year, which is good news.

Mr. Bain, of Winnipeg, is to have charge of Mr. Skynner's office for a month, while the latter is visiting.

A. F. Sutherland and A. D. Cameron, of this city, attended the sitting of the county court held in Neepawa last week.

Do not neglect the symptoms of impure blood. Do not disregard Nature's cry for help. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and guard against serious illness and prolonged suffering.

Karl's Clover Root will purify your blood, clear your complexion, regulate your bowels and make your hair clear as a bell. 25¢, 50¢, and \$1.00. For sale by N. J. Halpin.

Mrs. Willis, Griswold; Mr. Stewart Carberry; Mrs. Ostrander, Elkhorn; A. Wilson, city and three of Mr. Bedford's children are in the hospital with typhoid but are recovering rapidly.

Shiloh's Cure, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five, only 25¢. Children love it. Sold by druggists.

Our young townsman, Mr. Joseph Quinn, Jr., was married last week to a Miss Harrison, of Winnipeg, and the couple are now off on their wedding trip to New Mexico and other places.

The annual meeting of the city branch of the Bible Society will be held in the Presbyterian church here on the evening of the 11th inst. Several appropriate addresses will be delivered.

Mr. Morris, who has been for years in the boot and shoe business here, has called an auction sale of his household effects, and will shortly be leaving for Ottawa to take up his permanent residence there.

The United States authorities have ruled that shipments from points in Canada, where they have no consular agent, may be certified to by any reputable merchant or the agent of any friendly power.

After closing their 9th St. shop for some days for repairs, the Whitelaw Trading Co. have moved their amalgamated business there, in one of the most completely fitted up grocery stores in the country.

Mr. Davis, a fruit grower of St. Thomas, Ont., brought in a car of grapes and other fruits last week. Our local grocers made quite a raid on it, but were unable to take all. The remainder Mr. Davis shipped to western points.

The harvest home services in St. Matthew's church will be held on the 14th Sunday in this month. The choir is preparing special music for the occasion, and the Rev. Mr. Harding, it is expected, will be home by that time.

Mr. Butt is again fully in harness at the B. N. A. Bank, after his three months' absence on his wedding trip. He says that while away he visited the scenes of his boyhood and of course experienced the changes there incident to life and nature.

The wheat market in Morden still remains in sullen quietness, the price of 46¢ per bushel failing to attract farmers. At present about 5,000 bushels of wheat is being marketed daily, but it is principally brought in by thrashers who have received the wheat for wages.—Morden Monitor.

Mr. John Dickenson returned from the coast on Friday to remain in the city for a time. He is looking as fresh and as young as when he left here, showing western air agrees with him. He reports that all Brandonites now in Vancouver are making a living and some of them are doing a little better.

Mr. Towley, C.P.R. fireman, of Swift Current, was on Wednesday last married to Maud, eldest daughter of W. H. Garside, of this city. The Rev. Mr. Lehigh officiating. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, and after it was over the happy couple started for their new home in the far west.

What will these poor pigs Corbett and Fitzsimmons, to say nothing of their thousands of admirers, do now since the state of Texas has passed a law prohibiting the pouncing match in that state. There is room on the north coast of Greenland, and the weather is favorable there too, that is residents have to pound one another to keep themselves warm.

Serious threshing fires took place in the Boissevain section last week. Simon lost 70 acres of wheat and a team of horses; McCutcheon 4 stacks of wheat and a binder; Reeder 8 stacks of wheat; Duncan 45 acres and some stacks; J. Neolin 10 acres of oats; Johnston 20 acres of wheat; Clark 14 stacks of wheat; 84 stacks of wheat; A. Walker 12 stacks of wheat, plow and wagon. At Nisqua W. Troy lost 30 tons of hay; M. Darroch 35 acres of wheat; W. Hissop 500 bushels wheat; B. Vi-bond all his crop. At Deloraine and Pilot Mound serious losses are also reported.

The Rev. Adams, of Toronto, preached a rattling sermon the other day against bloomers from the text "Thou shalt not wear anything that pertains unto a woman, nor a woman anything that pertains to a man." But why draw the line at bloomers? For years past women and men have been wearing handkerchiefs, rings, shoes, hats, caps, mits, etc., in common, and no word of protest from this Rev. rooster Adams, but when it comes to bloomers, called that name because of its being a Mrs. Bloomer who invented the garment, he grows very much horrified indeed.

Hamiota wants a curling rink.

A shipment of cattle from Salt Coats reached Liverpool in 11 days.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight will, it is said, take place in Texas.

Messrs. Bell, Livingstone, Dale and Craze, have met losses to the value of \$2,000 at Balldur.

Toronto has a fox in the centre of the city destroying chickens. Even Toronto is not yet out of the bush.

Helen McMillan, W. Walbridge and H. Wheelton, wrote in Winnipeg this week in preliminary medical exam.

A fire from Bradley's engine at Elkhorn destroyed three stacks on Philip's farm and the separator on Monday.

J. A. Steele, of Toronto, shot himself in the arm at Salt Coats the other day instead of a chicken, and he is now in the Winnipeg hospital.

John Brooks near the centre of Elton has 35 bushels of wheat to the acre this year and no frost. But for lodge-mens his yield would be even heavier.

Cashbery section is sending the largest number of patients to the hospital at present. In all there are 45 inmates, the larger number having typhoid fever.

Messrs. Wilson & Rankin, furniture dealers of this city, are extending their business by handling lines of house furnishings, such as carpets, blankets, curtains, etc.

Miss Butcher, who was in Toronto for some time for the treatment of Paralysis, left for Rapid City a few days ago where her parents reside. While here she was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Zink.

The Rapid City reporter says: "A certain farmer was heard to say that his grain was so heavy and harvesting so slow, that there was a chance of his eating his Christmas dinner in the harvest field."

One of our city firemen, Wm. Currie, left Saturday night for Broadview, where he will enter the matrimonial bonds. The bride is Miss Cope, at one time a teacher in St. Matthews Sunday School here.

S. H. Smith, of Toronto, travelling agent of the Equitable Savings, Loan and Building association, is in the city working in the interests of his company. He intends organizing a local board in the city.

A Chicago despatch reports the loss of several vessels on the lake on Saturday and Sunday. Among the number are the schooner Emma, and all hands, about 8 in number; the C. B. Jones schooner and all hands.

The Brandon people have never experienced anything like the present for prices in hard and soft coal. The best American hard is being sold here at 88 nearly half the price it was sold for not many years ago.

A body of Irishmen in Chicago, the other day got up a "declaration of principles" for the freedom of Ireland. They are doing the work at arms length as it were, from an American city. Why not from a Canadian city?

A Mr. Garrett, an American, has been in the city for some days looking for a bonus to start a glove factory. There are, it appears, two reasons why the scheme is hardly likely to materialize. In the first place the city charter prohibits bonusing, and in the second place the city is too heavily in debt already to do anything that way. It is in such contingencies as this that the extravagant policy of the past stands in bold relief.

A highly respectable lady, resident of an adjoining town made a deliberate attempt to end her days in the residence of an acquaintance in this city on Friday last. It appears she had been ill at her own residence some time before, and was just recovering but deponed at. She came to the city some day ago, and was visiting with acquaintances. On the evening on Friday she went into a room of the house at which she was stopping and after making search found an old revolver, out of repair in a case. This she loaded after making some attempts with other cartridges that did not fit. After she succeeded she placed the pistol at the outercorner of her right eye, and fired. The muscles of the lower started went in and saw the situation at once when the lady was removed to the hospital. It was there found that the contents were lodged in the skull at the nostrils about half way between the two eyes. Dr. Spencer succeeded in removing part of the lodgement, and the rest remains. It is thought she will recover though she has suffered a great deal, and is still in a critical condition.

Mr. J. W. Rogers, engineer on the C.P.R., has an heir, born in the shape of a coat that excites much curiosity in all who see it from its historical reminiscences. The cloth is black doe skin, superior, it goes without saying, to any made now-a-days, and was made over a hundred years ago for his grandfather, Naylor Rogers, then a military man, by John Jones, a Regent street, London, if we may go by the inscription on the huge brass shoulder knots which are attached to the coat by large gold braids. Mr. Naylor Rogers joined the army at 14 and wore this coat in the battle of Waterloo 71 years ago, later in other wars, and later still in the Crimean war. Private Rogers was soon promoted and at the time of his death was a Major General in the service. He was sent out to pay the pensioners a number of years ago, and notwithstanding his success in the British army he was drowned in the Detroit River while attempting to cross in a small boat, and his body was never found, though fragments of his boat were picked up shortly after along the banks of the river. The coat he left his huge brass buttons in front had gold buttons on the sleeves and they were stolen some years ago by a servant who had more concern for filthy lucre than the feelings of the family. The family have among them many family relics, but Mr. J. W. Rogers has retained the coat.

8554 Pounds of Soda Biscuits,

3380 Pounds of Sweet and Fancy Biscuits,

8778 Pounds of Candy,

IS a Lot Of Biscuits and Confectionery.

It's the contents of a carload we have just received, and we will sell this, and have another carload in by Christmas.

Cream Sodas,

these are probably the most delicious Soda Biscuits ever brought into this country. They are put up in air-tight TIN BOXES, each containing 2½ pounds, and will keep fresh for months. The Tins will come in very useful as Tea Canisters, and such like, and taking everything into consideration the price is very low. 25 CENTS.

We also have Sodas in three-pound Cartoons, Wooden Boxes of about 13 pounds and barrels. We can please you in this line.

Oyster Crackers

are reasonable now and we have them.

Sweet and Fancy Biscuits.

We have a splendid assortment of twenty-seven varieties, some of them high-priced goods—but our prices are low.

Candies,

nice common mixed, and very fine hand-made goods that should suit anybody.

Buying in such large quantities it is to the interest of the manufacturer to give good goods, and you will find these right

SMITH & BURTON,
THE CASH GROCERS.

TELEPHONE 202 A. MACDONALD BLOCK. ROSSER AVENUE.

Our Warehouse is for wholesale and mail orders only.

STOVES AT COST!

We have some lines of

McClary's Stoves

that we are offering AT COST.

So if you are requiring a COOK STOVE or HEATING STOVE, give us a call before the line is completely sold out.

JOHNSON & CO.,

HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

LATEST
ENGLISH
PARIS
GERMAN
FASHIONS

Robinson & Co.

400 AND 402 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

AVAILABLE
TO
YOU
ALL.

Fashionable Goods.

The abundant Harvest, which will soon be housed, demands for the people of this country a better class of FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS.

WE

Have lately added to our already mammoth store "A NEW DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT", which facilitates the display of our immense importations.

WE

Will be pleased to have our customers call on us or write for samples.

ROBINSON & CO. ROBINSON & CO.

A LIFE SAVING MEDICINE.

I was attacked severely last winter with Paralysis, Cramps and Colic and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and now I can thank this excellent remedy for saving my life.

Mrs. S. KELLEY, Minden, Ont.

BABY NEARLY DIED.

Sons.—My baby was very bad with summer complaint, and I thought he would die, until I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. With the first dose I noticed a change for the better, and now he is cured, and fat and healthy.

Mrs. A. NORMAN, London, Ont.

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TWO DIPLOMAS
for HIGH-CLASS FURS
Winnipeg and Regina
Tions.

WHY WAIT?

Until the cold weather sets in before leaving your orders for Furs. You will find it to your advantage to call on us at an early date as

YOU CAN SAVE

25 PER CENT.

By ordering from us now.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

**J. S. DOUGLAS
& CO.,**

500 MAIN STREET,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

BARGAINS.

That's what we're all after after what we want to buy or sell.

Especially at this season of the year when we are changing residences, renovating do we want them in

**HOUSE
FURNISHINGS.**

We aim at keeping all necessary house-keeping—Stoves, Furnishings, Crockery, etc., etc.—NEW AND SECOND HAND, we can transform the demands of all classes.

If you have goods you wish to sell at proper prices we are also ready to buy them.

222 Corner of 8th Street and Bth Avenue, opposite Fleming's Drug Store.

TELEPHONE 38.

M. MURDOCH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**Saddlery
Firm...**

S. & H. BORBRIDGE
OTTAWA.

Manufacturers of Saddles, Harnesses of all kinds, Ladies' and Children's Trunks, Valises, Etc., and all Saddlery Hardware, having a large stock on hand for an indefinite time.

A Branch Store in Brandon.

Under the management of S. H. Borbridge, a well-known and experienced saddler, which will be managed by S. H. Borbridge, at very low prices. Spot Cash. Intending purchasers find it to their advantage to examine goods and prices before communications to London.

S. & H. BORBRIDGE

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